

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



"SO THEY MARRIED, AND WERE (US) HAPPY."

THE SHADOW ON THE HEARTH.

CHAPTER V.—A "FAITHFUL PROMISE."

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive."—Scott.

MISS EGAN could not feel at all satisfied with the result of Father Gehagan's visit. After his departure she sat for a long time in the little room upstairs, which she used as a boudoir, and which communicated by folding-doors with a private oratory, alone

and in deep meditation. Then she rose and went to an old-fashioned chest in which many of her treasures were deposited, and having unlocked it, drew forth a paper parcel, carefully tied round with a riband. She opened it with trembling fingers, and disclosed a small, thick book, plainly bound in black leather, and with two silver clasps. Then she sat down again, and contemplated it till tears began to overflow from her eyes and trickle down her cheeks. Wiping her eyes and putting on her spectacles, she

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

opened the book. On the fly-leaf a name was written—"Margaret Carroll"—and underneath it in the same handwriting, but in characters less firm and distinct—"To my dear, dear Margarita, with her mother's dying prayers and blessing." Turning over the fly-leaf after a time, the title-page revealed the book—yes, *THE BOOK*; the Holy Bible—with the imprimatur of the British and Foreign Bible Society at the foot.

The reader will not require to be told now that Margarita's mother had died a Protestant. Almost with her last breath she had entreated her sister, Miss Egan, to whose guardianship the child was committed, to allow her to be brought up in the Protestant faith; and she had entrusted this Bible to her care, exacting from her a "faithful promise" that she would give it to her child, a mother's bequest, as soon as she should be able to read it. How had this promise been fulfilled? Literally, but not truly.

With much reluctance, and after consultation with Father Gehagan, Miss Egan had brought the book one day to her little niece when the priest was present, and had given it into her hands. Almost immediately the priest had taken it away again, to look at it, as he said, and had never returned it; he had brought her a book of "Selections" instead, with which the child, who had not seen what was written on the fly-leaf of the Bible, was equally satisfied; the binding was similar, and she did not know that any change had been made. The priest took upon himself the whole responsibility of this artifice, and persuaded Miss Egan that she had done her duty in a literal sense by presenting the book, and in a much more important manner by guarding the child from error and bringing her up in the faith of the true Church. He had only returned the original volume to the aunt's care under a promise that she would keep it out of sight and under lock and key.

Miss Egan's conscience pricked her a little now, as she thought over the past; and the "faithful" promise which she had made to her sister on her death-bed troubled her. At the same time she felt absolutely convinced that she had done what was best for the child's interests; only she wished she had never made the promise. She turned over the leaves of the sacred volume with mingled feelings of respect and fear; there were many passages marked in pencil in the margin, and others underlined, by her sister's own hand, of course. Glancing from one to another of these, her eyes fell upon a passage which was not marked.

"He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house: he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight."

A feeling of sickness came over her as she read these words. Had she not done this very thing—*working deceit*? Had she not conspired with her priest how she might break her promise to her dying sister and be blameless? With her priest! Yes; there was comfort in that thought; it was his doing, not hers; she had but consented. At all events, no blame could rest on her since it had been done by his "direction," and against her own instincts. And, after all, might it not be for the best? Her niece had been brought up in the true faith, and would not easily be turned from it now. She had never known that her mother was a Protestant. If she were to marry this heretic she would be prepared, at least, against the temptations by which her new path of life would be surrounded.

With these comforting arguments, which were, however, scarcely sufficient to salve her conscience, Miss Egan tied up the Bible again in its wrapper, sealing it this time for greater security, and having locked it up once more in her chest, descended the stairs.

She found Margarita anxiously waiting for her in the morning-room. "Well, my dear child," she said, "Father Gehagan has not prevailed with you, I fear?"

Margarita shook her head, but kissed her aunt affectionately.

"Well, then, we must send for this gentleman—this Mr. Reed. I do not promise to be very civil to him, but he can come and see me if you wish it."

"When shall he come, aunt?"

"Whenever you like. You can write to Mrs. Martin about it."

Margarita wanted no second permission, but wrote that same night, and the next day the fast-stepping mare, driven by Pat Houragan, drew up at the door before noon. Miss Egan had entertained a secret hope that Mr. Reed had been attracted to her niece chiefly by the prospect of pecuniary advantages which such an alliance offered; and she trusted that a plain statement of her own intentions as to the disposal of her property might go far towards breaking off the match. In this she was disappointed. Mr. Reed protested, and with truth, that he had never entertained any idea of inheriting Miss Egan's property; and as to that which belonged to Miss Carroll in her own right, which was but a little, he was quite willing that it should be tied up in any way her guardians should think proper. "He loved her for her own sake," he said; "he had a fair business, and good prospects, and would marry her without any dower at all." In a word, there was nothing that Miss Egan could take hold of as a ground of objection except the fact which she already knew too well, that he was not a Roman Catholic, and that he wished to rob her of her niece.

"And that is sufficient," she said to herself again and again. "Marriage was instituted out of regard to human infirmity. Margarita ought to be above such weakness. Is it possible she can really love this man? If he had been different, now!" and she fell musing, musing upon years long past; upon the green time of her life, which had not been entirely destitute of its romance; and upon the weaknesses of her own heart, which had been subdued, not with her own consent, but by the force of just such interference on the part of others as she was now attempting, and had left her—what? a dry tree, desolate, without any object in life except the care of this young girl, who would presently be taken from her. As she communed thus with her own heart, she almost resolved to offer no further opposition to the hated marriage. If Mr. Reed had only been a different kind of man, fair-haired instead of dark, tall and broad-shouldered instead of slight and "finikin;" if he had been an Irishman of the Irish instead of a stranger; above all, if he had been a "Catholic" (and the living picture of what a lover and a husband ought to be rose up before her mind), she could have rejoiced to let him marry Margarita; but this man, sallow, dandyish, and a heretic! "No!" she exclaimed aloud, "they shall not be married from my door. If I cannot prevent the marriage, I will at all events not sanction it. Margarita will always be my niece, my child, my darling, unless—unless this man should win her over to his

own vile heresy! But, no; that will never be. Margarita will, I am sure, be faithful to her creed whatever happens. Yes, yes; bless her! bless her! bless her!"

CHAPTER VI.—A DOUBLE KNOT.

"An honourable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's Innocency."—*Form of Solemnization of Matrimony.*
 "A great sacrament."—*Douay Bible.*

THREE months have passed quickly away, and great preparations are being made at Ballykilleena Park for the marriage of the squire's niece, which is to take place there instead of at Mary Cross, Miss Egan having expressed herself, kindly but resolutely, averse to taking any part in the proceedings, or to even being present at the ceremony. This is a trouble to Margarita, but a relief to nearly everybody else, as it was known that Miss Egan was not in the habit of practising much reserve or self-control when her feelings or prejudices were concerned; and the more she thought of Mr. Alfred Reed as a husband for her niece, the less she liked him. Such a marriage, she told her neighbours, was a subject for condolence rather than congratulation; and if she had had the management of it, it is quite possible that the usual festivities might have been celebrated in a fashion quite out of keeping with Irish ideas, or perhaps even dispensed with altogether.

"I don't see the good of being married twice over in one day," said Biddy, Margarita's maid, to Mr. Caffyn, butler at the Park. "If Father Murphy isn't good to marry a couple fast and firm, I don't think the Protestant minister will be much better. Not that I'd choose Father Murphy neither, if I had my way."

"Some people don't see the good of being married once," murmured Pat Houragan, who was employed indoors just then.

"Whisht, then, Pat," said Biddy, "and mind what I tell't ye."

Pat, it must be told, had had more than one long talk with Biddy, but, notwithstanding his most eloquent appeals, he could not prevail upon her to marry him just yet. She had agreed to go to England with her mistress. If she should hear a good account of Mr. Houragan a year or two hence, and he should find himself in the same mind then, perhaps she might be induced, she told him, to look favourably upon his suit; but not if he should lower himself again to be overtaken by "the craythur."

"Father Murphy, ye see, is the parish priest," said Mr. Caffyn, "and, in coorse, it's his place to 'ficiate; and he wouldn't be likely to give it up at such time as this, when there's a rale lady to be married. It's he that will do the marrying itself; for he's a true priest of the Church, whatever else he mayn't be. Mr. O'Neil, the Protestant minister, will only go through it afterwards as a matter of form, just to satisfy the gentleman and them that belong to him on the Protestant side. Not but what I'd rather have to do with Mr. O'Neil in any other business; for he is a gentleman, every inch of him, and Father Murphy don't pretend to be, and couldn't be if he tried."

No, Father Murphy was certainly not a gentleman, but he was priest of the village of Ballykilleena, and stood upon his rights. The ceremony was to be performed by him first, and afterwards repeated in the Protestant church. There had been

some difficulty in deciding which of the two rites should take precedence, but Mr. Reed had conceded the point; it was not of much consequence, he thought, and he would have yielded at once if Margarita herself had wished it; but he did not like being dictated to by her friends, and he was afraid lest one concession should lead to another, and so he might find himself priest-ridden in his own house, a state of things which he was resolved to prevent, if possible. At home in England, and away from his wife's connections, there would not be so much danger of this. So he had given way with a good grace, and had gone to see Father Murphy to make the necessary appointment with him.

He had found the priest in bed, suffering from the effects of a fall which he had met with, as he said, a fortnight back, coming home from a christening. It had given him a concussion of the brain, and he had had his head shaved; but he meant to be up and ready for the important occasion, and must take good care he didn't get another fall after that. "The church," he said, "was not fit for use; the roof had fallen in, and the repairs were not yet finished; but that was of no consequence. He could marry a couple anywhere—under a tree, for that matter, by the roadside, provided the fee was ready. Five pounds would be the amount on this occasion."

Mr. Reed had remonstrated; not that he would have grudged a liberal fee, but he did not like to be imposed upon; and the priest had then consented to take three. He would see about a convenient place for the ceremony, he said, and let Mr. Reed know. And so Mr. Reed had left him, wondering whether a convenient "tree" would be the place selected.

Ballykilleena had not been so lively for many a long year as it was on the day of that wedding. A large party assembled at the Hall, and all the outside "kyars" in the neighbourhood were drawn up in the road before it. A dozen or more squireens had put on their best coats and hats, and, mounted on their favourite hunters (the one which each happened to possess was always the favourite), were parading in front of the house, refreshing themselves with occasional stirrup-cups, and waiting to escort the wedding party. In due time the bridegroom joined this company, and rode away with them, the bride and her bridesmaids following at a proper and becoming interval in a post-chaise, drawn by four white horses; other carriages and cars succeeded, while a troop of ragged boys and girls trotted along on either side, uttering their felicitations as often as they could find breath to do so.

The procession stopped at a small whisky-shop at the entrance of the village, where the landlord, Daniel Lump, and a picturesque group of peasantry, most of them wearing long great coats with capes, were waiting for them in the road. They alighted here, and, with ill-concealed disgust, Mr. Reed followed the landlord up the narrow staircase into a room of the very smallest proportions, wretchedly furnished and offensively dirty, where he was requested to take a seat upon the bed, which filled up one end of the room, until all should be ready.

All was ready as soon as the party was assembled. Nothing more was wanted; no altar, no vestments, no acolytes, no incense, none of those accessories which might have been expected in the performance of an important rite by those who teach that marriage is a sacrament. The spectators crowded in till there

was scarcely room for them to stand, and then were crowded out again to make room for the priest, and for a little circle in the middle, where, with the bride and bridegroom before him, he might do his office. Father Murphy was "to the fore," as he had promised. He wore only his usual every-day costume, which was not distinctive of his calling, but assumed for this occasion a coloured ribbon, which, passing over the collar of his coat, hung loosely down in front, as if it had been a stole, which, perhaps, it was. His hair, short and of recent growth, stood upright all over his head, and his finger nails appeared to be in mourning for his lost respectability. The ceremony was fortunately extremely brief, for the atmosphere of the little room soon became almost insupportable. A few sentences, nearly the same as those appointed in the marriage service of the Church of England, were spoken; the priest's hand was crossed at his request with a piece of gold, which at such a time he was allowed to retain, in addition to the fee already paid; the ring was placed upon the finger, and the bride was charged to honour and obey "holy mother church" and her husband, and then all was over.

Margarita was glad to escape from the humiliating position in which she felt she had been placed. She was vexed, and could have wept, that her husband should have been made a witness and participator in a ceremony so sordidly and shamefully performed, and so different in all its parts from what she could have shown him in any of the town churches of her land; yet this was her marriage bond, the valid act, according to her view, by which they were united man and wife! A few congratulations were spoken when she descended the stairs, but the company were much less demonstrative than usual upon such occasions, and it was with a feeling of relief that they resumed their seats in the carriages or on horseback, and proceeded towards the Protestant church for the supplementary and superfluous part of the proceedings to be accomplished there.

This was a small building of rough stone, with no architectural pretensions, but covered with ivy, standing in the midst of its burial-ground, which was studded here and there with grave-stones, for the most part very plain—mere slabs of slate. But the wall which enclosed it was in good repair; the grass within was short and even, and a few evergreen shrubs and well-kept flower-plots bordered the gravel walk leading up to the church door. The clergyman, in a clean surplice, met them at the entrance, and walked before them up the centre aisle to the chancel, and then knelt down for a few moments before beginning the service. All present followed his example: by far the greater part of them had never been inside a Protestant place of worship before, and some of them would not venture beyond the doorway, but stood there peering over each other's shoulders, as if to enter it would be a sin. The crack of a whip was heard afterwards, and these outsiders were observed to slink away, for Father Murphy had arrived on his way home, and was scattering the troop of ragged boys and girls with angry words, and yet more practical and touching arguments, from which even the men who happened to be within his reach were not exempt. But he passed on, and those within the church continued undisturbed. The service was conducted solemnly, and with feeling. Mr. Reed would have preferred a choral service, with an Anglo-Catholic mass at the

conclusion, but nothing of this kind was to be had at Ballykilleena, so there were only prayers and psalms, and exhortations, and many excellent blessings, with which the "Form of Solemnization of Matrimony" abounds; and of course the giving and receiving of a ring, and the joining of hands, and those mutual declarations which constitute the solemn contract, followed by the solemn charge addressed to all the world—"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Then the names were entered in the register, and the maiden name written for the last time, and attested by two or three witnesses, and the ceremony was at an end. Very little was said as the company returned down the footpath to the place where their conveyances were waiting for them. The ragged children had returned to the gate, and greeted the married pair with noisy congratulations, mingled with jokes and laughter, finishing, of course, with urgent requests for sixpences, or even pence or halfpence, to remember them by; and, pursued by a score or more of swift-footed young enthusiasts, the whole party drove quickly back to the Hall.

There was a great breakfast, of course, and many facetious and witty speeches. Each of the twelve squirens had intended in his own mind to say something about the double ceremony, and the advantages of being married twice over in case of a flaw in the original process, but somehow they shrank from alluding to the subject, and with Irish facility found plenty to say without it, whether to the purpose or not mattered little. There was laughter and applause, and what more could be desired? Mr. O'Neil struck a graver note when his turn came, and spoke feelingly on the duties and privileges of married life, the severing of old ties and the welding of new, and of the sanctifying influence of religion, which alone could ensure those blessings which had been invoked that day, sweetening every joy and softening every sorrow. He, too, was heard with attention, and found a ready and feeling response to his gentle earnest words, and was voted, in an undertone, "a good and right-meaning man, whatever you may call him," and "one you couldn't help respecting, for all he might not think as you did;" while all agreed in confidence that it was "too bad, entirely, of Father Murphy, and that he ought not to be allowed in the Church, and that they never felt so much ashamed of their religion in their lives, seeing the two services set side by side;" and so forth. But Father Murphy was not there to hear them, so there was nothing but concord and harmony until the bride rose and left the room to prepare for her departure.

Out of doors, too, in one of the barns, there was a merry party; the tenants and cottagers breakfasting together, plainly but plentifully, which was enough to constitute a feast, and a rare one too for many of them, without delicacies. The ale circulated freely, and after that the whisky. Of course the health of the newly-married couple was proposed, and received with acclamations. As the glasses were being filled, bumpers all round, Pat Houragan, who had tasted nothing but water all day, and very little of that, sprang to his feet, unable to restrain himself any longer. "Wait a minute," he cried; "sure I must dthink that toast if I never dthink another. Wait till I schame it! Sure it was 'not another dthrop to go down my throat, sitting nor standing, indoors or out of doors.' Would I tell a lie to save me life?"

Sorra a one of me! But I must dthrink that toast anny way." So saying he hastened to the window, and opened it. "Now for it, boys," he cried, "Miss Carroll and her husband—Mr. and Mrs. Reed, I mane; long life to them, and long may they live!" Then throwing himself across the window-sill, half in the room and half out of it, with his head hanging down towards the ground, he emptied his noggin of potheen, nearly choking himself as he did so. "Sure it went up me throat," he cried, "not down it," and returned to his place amid the applause and laughter of his companions, who were as obtuse as himself as to the guilt of falsehood acted as well as spoken. Such is the result of evil training and example.

How often the process was repeated in the course of the afternoon and evening it is not for us to tell; but long before the party broke up, poor Pat Houragan was carried out of the room, and deposited for safety in an outhouse, and for weeks and months afterwards found his employment on the fields or roads instead of in his favourite stable-yard.

"Poor Pat!" said his master, Squire Martin, when he heard of it; "honest as the day to everybody else, but a cheat and a liar to himself. 'Neither in the house nor out of the house,' did he say? It reminds me of Mr. Reed (though he would not thank me for the compliment), neither Catholic nor Protestant; one foot inside our Church, and the other out of it. It's to be hoped he won't come to grief between the two, like Pat!"

When the happy couple took their leave all the company turned out to wish them "Godspeed" on their way to Cork. Biddy went with them, as had been previously arranged; and she looked around her shyly, wondering where Pat Houragan could be, and hoping that he had not been overtaken again, but unable to account for his defection by any other theory. Perhaps she had been too hard with him, she thought, and had driven him to it. She had meant to say a few kind words at parting. She did not like to ask if any one had seen him, and so went away full of sad forebodings. Three cheers were given as the party drove off, and an old shoe was thrown after them for luck, and then the company returned within doors to drink their health once more.

As evening approached the tables were cleared away in the barn, and a fiddler tuned his strings and set all the party on wires. They came crowding into the room, chose their partners in haste, and stood up, two here, two there, two everywhere, toeing and heeling, shuffling and stamping, twisting and bending, with a heartiness and vigour worthy of a better cause. Those who, from age or infirmity, were past dancing were ranged along the walls, two or three deep, treading on each other's toes, or sitting in each other's laps, and enjoying it vastly in spite of the heat and dust and darkness visible, which, as the night closed in, reigned over them by the agency of a tallow candle stuck in an empty bottle here and there.

Meanwhile the lonely aunt, tender in heart, yet firm as a devotee, knelt before the altar in her little oratory at Mary Cross, or sat in dreamy silence gazing from the window into the gathering darkness, and wept and prayed alternately; now giving way to feelings of resentment against the child whom she had nourished and brought up only to disappoint her pious hopes and purposes; now blaming herself for

her want of honesty and candour towards her, and now praying the Blessed Virgin and all the saints to forgive them both, and to preserve the young bride in the midst of all the dangers and temptations which would beset her in her new life of strange and unsanctified alliance, and to overrule all things for her good and for the glory of holy mother church. And when her tears flowed most freely at the thought of her own loneliness and sorrow, then she prayed most tenderly for her lost child, and murmured in the midst of her sobs, "Oh, Margarita darling! Bless her, bless her, bless her!"

A TRIP TO JAVA.

II.

THE drive from Bandung to Somadang—twenty-nine miles—is exceedingly pretty, particularly that portion of the road where the traveller commences the descent to Ising Koep Port; the scenery from thence to Cheribon—fifty-nine miles—is of a very varied character. During the first half of the journey, and till the river is crossed, there are several steep hills to be surmounted, from the summits of which some fine views of the country are obtained. After passing the river, the road runs along the lowlands, passing through extensive sugar farms, on which hundreds of Chinamen may be seen pursuing their occupations with untiring industry, presenting by their habits of diligence a marked contrast to the indolent Javanese, who take no thought beyond the present moment. Cheribon is a dismal-looking place on the sea-coast, with a miserable hotel, from which we were glad enough to make our exit on the following day *en route* to Tagal.

In their personal appearance, the Javanese have certainly not been favoured by nature. They have large, coarse features, and an expression of face that is most unpleasing; in figure they are short and thick-set, and their movements are awkward and ungraceful. The women are even more forbidding than the men; and if it were necessary to specify a particular class as a personification of female ugliness, I should be disposed to assign the honour to the women of Cheribon. The females of that district have a singular way of confining their hair, which they fasten up by means of a wooden stick or skewer at the back of the head.

Leaving Cheribon, we arrived, after a journey of about five hours, at Tagal, where we merely remained one day to allow of the necessary arrangements being made for our progress by a mountain road to Banjoemas, where we had promised to pass a few days with the Resident, Mr. H—, from whose relatives we had met with much kindness during our short stay in Batavia. On arriving at that place, however, we were disappointed to find that the Resident was absent with his family at the sea-coast, some twenty miles away, and that he had received no intimation of our intended visit. In his absence, however, we were received and entertained in the most hospitable manner by his secretary, of whose kindness and urbanity I shall ever retain a most pleasing recollection.

An uninteresting drive of thirty-eight miles brought us to Kubooman, a small district in charge of an Assistant-Resident. We were very kindly received by the officer in charge (Mr. Petel), who accompanied

us in the evening to see a review of some Javanese troops belonging to the native chiefs of the neighbourhood, who were practising a variety of evolutions for a public entertainment, to be given by the Assistant-Resident at the close of the Ramzan. Shortly after our arrival on the parade-ground, the Regent of Kubooman made his appearance, mounted upon a bright bay horse, small, but of exceeding strength, the trappings of which were of wrought silver. No sooner was the figure of this important personage distinguished by the crowd of retainers and others assembled on the plain, than the whole living mass sank simultaneously to the ground in token of the respect that was due to his superior rank. The Regent then rode slowly forward to a raised platform that had apparently been erected for the occasion, and having dismounted from his horse, took his seat amongst the party of the Assistant-Resident. No sooner was he seated than a hundred human beings were seen to emerge from the prostrate crowd, and with their hams still resting on their heels, to shuffle themselves along the ground with surprising quickness till they had arrived in front of the platform, when they ranged themselves in a semicircle before the Regent, still taking care not to quit the unbecoming and degrading posture above described. No stranger can have been a week in Java without having had occasion to notice the servile deference that is paid by the Javanese to superior rank. The Chinese evince their respect for rank by removing their hats when a superior passes by; but the Javanese testify their respect for him by assuming the peculiar squatting posture above noticed. All orders are asked and received in this humiliating position, and no servant or other inferior would durst assume any other posture whilst in the presence, or within sight, even, of a superior. The custom is so intimately mixed up with the institutions of the country that it would be a difficult matter, perhaps, to effect its abolition. But we learn from Raffles that during the brief rule of the English the practice was in some measure discontinued. Another custom, and one even yet more degrading, perhaps, is the use by an inferior, when addressing a person of superior rank, of an arbitrary dialect termed, *par excellence*, "Bara Krama," or "the language of honour," the ordinary vernacular tongue, copious as it is, being considered incapable of conveying an adequate idea of the great social gulf that separates the man of rank from his lowly dependent.

Passing through Poorwardjoe, the head-quarters of the Bagelain Residency, we arrived at Magelang, twenty-seven miles farther on, where we made a halt of two days to complete the necessary arrangements for a visit to the ruins of the far-famed Boro-Bodor and Mundoot temples, situated about ten miles from Magelang. Neither history nor tradition supplies us with much information respecting these singular and highly-interesting remains. All that we know regarding them is that they are of Buddhist origin. Of the two ruins, the Boro-Bodor are by far the most extensive, but the figures in the Mundoot are much more perfect than in the former. The latter temple was only discovered about forty years ago by the late Resident of Koodoo, Mr. Hartman. This gentleman at the period referred to had occasion to visit this neighbourhood, when one of his attendants happened accidentally to trip against a piece of stone which was hidden from view by the thick bushes which had sprung up on all sides of it. On exami-

nation, this stone proved to be a piece of sculpture, similar in character to the rude sculpture of the neighbouring Boro-Bodor ruin.

Mr. Hartman, who was a bit of an antiquarian, directed the ground around the spot to be excavated, when his labours were rewarded by the discovery of the Temple of Mundoot. He made drawings of the figures, some of which are in an imperfect state, having been unfortunately destroyed during the work of excavation.

"It seems to be the general opinion," writes Raffles, "that the large temple of Boro-Bodor and several others were sacred to the worship of Boodh. The style and ornament of this temple are found much to resemble those of the great Boodhist temple at Gyah, on the Continent of India. The date of several inscriptions in the ancient Javanese character, found in the central part of Java, is supposed to be in the sixth century of the present Javanese era; and the traditions of the Javanese concerning the arrival of certain enlightened strangers, and an intimate connection betwixt Java and Continental India, refer this intercourse to the sixth and three following centuries. It is probable, therefore, that the whole were constructed about the same period, or within the same century, or, at any rate, between the sixth and the ninth century of the Christian era." At Mundoot we met with an Italian artist, in the employ of the Dutch government, who had already made four hundred drawings of these interesting ruins.

Having examined these interesting ruins, we resumed our journey the next day, *en route* to Samarang, a large town on the sea-coast, and next to Batavia the most important settlement in the island. After passing a few days at that place, it was our intention to return to Batavia by sea, so as to have the opportunity of seeing the coast scenery between those two towns. Our road lay through the Salatiga district, and on reaching the frontier post we were met by the unwelcome news that there were no post-horses to be had, the only available ones being already bespoken for the Resident's own use. Fortunately, this officer happened to be in the immediate neighbourhood, so I sat down and wrote him a few lines, expressing a hope that he might be enabled so to arrange matters as to allow of our continuing our journey so far, at least, as the village of Salatiga. In less than an hour the messenger whom I had dispatched with my note returned, bringing orders from the Resident that the post-horses should be placed at our service. A few hours later I had an opportunity of thanking this gentleman for his considerate kindness in surrendering the horses to us, whereby he had subjected himself, as I subsequently discovered, to a detention of several hours on the road.

Samarang is about thirty miles from Salatiga, a descent nearly the whole way. The heat of this place has not been exaggerated, and it may probably lay claim to being the hottest place in Java. In the time of the old Dutch government, Samarang was a place of great importance, being the place of residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the eastern districts and the members of his Council. These appointments, however, have long since been abolished; the administration of the country under a separate Governor and Council not being found to work well. That the administration should have been impure and inefficient can, however, excite but

little wonder, when we learn that in those days no fixed salaries were given to the officers of government, but in lieu thereof they were allowed certain prerogatives, the burden of which, as a matter of course, fell heavily upon the people subject to their authority.

"How do you find the country?" is generally the leading question which every Dutchman in Java puts to you on your first introduction to him; and then, without waiting to receive your reply, he will proceed to answer his own query by telling you that it is the finest and best governed country in the world, and the climate unrivalled. Without going quite so far as this, I am free to admit that I know of no country more highly favoured by nature than the Island of Java; but under the proverbially inert administration of the Dutch little progress has as yet been made in developing its vast resources. Little more than a fourth of the island has been brought under cultivation, though such is the natural richness of the soil that it scarcely ever needs manure, and year after year the same land is made to yield a double crop. Numberless rivers and streamlets intersect the country, affording abundant means of irrigation to the agriculturist. Several of these are navigable for boats of considerable burden at all times of the year, and many more might, at a trifling cost, be made available for the transport of produce during the wet season, if the government could be induced to incur the expense of removing the banks of mud with which the mouths of many of those streams are at present choked. The cost of the work would soon be repaid to the State in the large addition it would derive to its revenue from the magnificent teak and other timbers that are now rotting in the central forests in the island.

Most of the roads are impassable during more than half the year, and the only ones that are not so are the government post-roads, but these are not available to the agriculturist for the transport of his produce. It is difficult to understand upon what ground of expediency these highways are closed to the growers of produce. I have been told it is owing to the rude construction of the native cart, the wheels of which being only one inch thick would be sure to cut up the road wherever they might pass. But if this be the only ground of objection, an easy remedy for the evil might surely be found in the substitution on these roads of a cart of a different and less objectionable construction; and it is only reasonable to suppose that the planters and others possessing an interest in the agricultural prosperity of the country would gladly accede to such an arrangement in order to secure increased facilities for sending their produce to market.

Had this island remained a British possession, as it would had Sir Stamford Raffles's advice been followed, matters would have been very different from what they now are. The silly, vexatious passport system would have ceased to exist; travelling would have been made available to every class; English capital and English enterprise would have destroyed all monopolies; and private competition would long since have lowered the expense of posting to such a rate as to enable persons of moderate means to indulge in it. As matters now stand, however, the rates are so high as to put it out of the power of all, save those who are in independent circumstances, to see anything of this most interesting country.

It is strange the government does not see that the whole system is rotten, and that the circumstance of the State being obliged to pay the innkeeper instead of the latter paying the State is a conclusive proof that monopolies do not answer. I cannot but think if government were to reduce the present posting charge one-half, to abolish the passport system, to throw open all the post-roads, under certain conditions, to the growers of produce, and to give some encouragement to private enterprise, that travellers would greatly multiply, that the accommodation and table arrangements at the hotels in the interior would speedily improve, and that the government exchequer would benefit very considerably by the change of system.

In Java the proprietary right in the soil is invested exclusively in the governing power. This principle appears to have been fully recognised and acted upon in all ages and on all occasions. The notion, therefore, of a right in the soil independent of that of the sovereign has never been entertained by a native of Java; nor could he be made to understand, perhaps, the possibility of such a right co-existing along with the proprietary right of the ruling power.

A family or an individual may have reclaimed a tract of waste land, and by hard industry may have rendered it a means of subsistence or a source of profit; the same land may have remained for generations in the occupancy of their descendants; yet, by no law or custom of the country could the occupants of such lands be held to have acquired a proprietary right to them, such right being vested, as I have said, in the sovereign alone.

The Dutch government has always been very tenacious of this right, and nothing would induce it, I believe, to alienate its right in the soil or any of the privileges connected with it. During the brief administration of the British, private individuals were permitted, nay, encouraged, to purchase land, and several sales were made accordingly; and when the island was again transferred to the Dutch it was stipulated that these sales were not to be disturbed.

Government can claim the services of every native male adult for one day in each week. This feudal right is often exercised, I was told, with an inconsiderate rigour, and not unfrequently it presses with extreme severity upon the people. For example: a certain road, fort, or other public work needs repair; the requisite number of labourers are collected and sent to the spot by the district officers, but no allowance is ever made for the distance the workman may have to travel to the scene of his labours. In rendering this one day's service, therefore, it often happens that a labourer loses two or three days in the week. Under the old Dutch government, the system of taxation was very arbitrary and oppressive. The most singular tax of that period was the one that was levied on the queues of its Chinese subjects. The amount of the tax was regulated by the length of the tail, but at what rate the ell, I was unable to learn. Under the present government the taxes are not generally burdensome. The heaviest of all is the one on the transfer of property, being 6 per cent. on the sale price of the property sold or otherwise transferred. It has been calculated that from this tax alone in Batavia the government realises every twentieth year a sum that is equal to the value of the whole house property in that city.

But though the taxes are not so heavy now as they were during the earlier days of the Dutch occupation, the system of administration has undergone but little change in other respects. A monopoly of the trade of the country, the exaction of *forced labour* from the inhabitants, and a grasping and despotic rule, still constitute the leading features of the Dutch colonial administration. It being the avowed policy of Holland to keep its Asiatic subjects in the same state of ignorance as that in which it originally found them, it has never made any real effort to improve their moral condition by imparting to them the benefits of knowledge. In the belief of the ignorant population the government of the country is still administered by the native chiefs, who, as we have already explained, hold, as a rule, the principal appointments in the different districts of the island, and are far more liberally paid than the European officials, by whom they are treated with the utmost deference, whilst these are the real executive by whose instrumentality the whole business of the country is carried on. In these days of almost universal progress, no government conducted on such principles as these can ever be deemed secure; and the movement still going on in Sumatra against the Dutch may possibly have some indirect effect upon the servile Javanese.

In the abundance and variety of its vegetable productions, few countries in the world can compete with Java. Rice, of which there are about a hundred varieties, is the grand staple. These belong severally to one or other of the two great classes called "Sawah" and "Tagal," the former being the irrigated lands, the latter the unirrigated. The rices of the former are transplanted, but not those of the latter. The Sawah lands, besides their annual crop of rice, produce a crop of cucumber or beans; and with the Tagal rice it is usual to raise a variety of vegetables, and sometimes a crop of cotton. The rices of both classes are eaten as soon as they are cut. The other chief products are Indian corn, coffee, pepper, indigo, sugar, tea, wheat, potatoes, yams, and other tuberous roots, together with a variety of oil plants. Amongst the indigenous fruits are the mango, of which there are about thirty different sorts, the mangustin, the durian, the jack, the bread-fruit, the guava, the plantain, the custard-apple, the pine-apple, the pomegranate, the orange, lemon, pumpkin, pumple moose, and many others. And in the more elevated parts of the island the fruits of Europe, which are being gradually introduced, have been found to attain the highest perfection—particularly the strawberry, the plum, the peach, and the apple.

The Javanese profess the Mohammedan creed, but that they were formerly Hindoos (whether followers of Boodh or Brahma, or of both, is not so clear) is proved by evidence that must be held to be conclusive. Independent of the testimony furnished by their own language, which abounds with Sanscrit words, we have the clearest evidence of their Hindoo origin in the traditions which still exist respecting their ancient faith in many of their religious observances at this day, in the numerous temples and idols peculiar to the worship of Boodh and Brahma which are scattered over various parts of the island, and in the fact of there being still amongst the wild and little-frequented range of hills called the "Teyugar Mountains," a class of people known under the name of "Bedui," who still continue to follow the doctrines of the Hindoo mythology.

We arrived at Batavia just in time to take advantage of the Dutch mail-boat, then on the eve of departing on its fortnightly trip to Singapore to bring over the mails and passengers to Java, which were expected to reach the former port in the ensuing week from Europe. Having secured our berths accordingly in the mail-boat Batavia, we left the roads on the following day with a fair wind and fine weather, and before evening we were abreast of, and within a quarter of a mile of, the North Watch, a small island and well-known landmark, situated about sixty miles from Batavia.

The captain had gone below to take his *siesta*, and the ship's crew and passengers had done the same, when the repose of the steamer was suddenly disturbed by a rude shock which was imparted to the starboard side of the vessel; the steamer at the same moment toppled heavily to larboard, and there she lay, with her starboard paddle-box clean out of the water, and every now and then scraping her keel against a hard substance, which I was not long in discovering was a coral reef. For several minutes the whole ship was in a state of complete consternation; the captain ran backwards and forwards, and seemed scarcely to credit the astounding fact that we had struck upon a rock.

Matters, however, happily did not turn out so serious as might have been anticipated. The vessel, after making a few more scrapes, was safely backed out of its awkward position, and in a very few minutes we had given the North Watch a pretty considerably wide berth.

On the evening of the fourth day after leaving Batavia, we anchored once more at Singapore, after an absence from it of two months, during which, in our brief and hurried visit to Java we had been introduced to scenes and objects in nature and art which, in spite of the inconveniences and privations incidental to travelling in a rude and little-frequented country, we can never recall without a feeling of interest and delight.

C. W. K.

AMERICAN CARICATURES.

I.

THE Pilgrim Fathers, when they sailed from England to find new homes in the distant West, carried with them one thing at least which was not set down in "the manifest" of the Mayflower. Stout Miles Standish, we may believe, had no small quantity of it concealed beneath his doublet, and many of his companions were doubtless equally well provided, albeit their grave faces and decorous language gave no token of its possession. This was humour, which in after-times Judge Halliburton was to make us familiar with, and, still later, was to reappear under new conditions in the writings of Mark Twain and Artemus Ward. The germs which were carried over in the Mayflower survived amid all the terrors and hardships of the new colony in bleak Massachusetts. It was an unmistakable gleam of humour which prompted Captain Standish to mount his only cannon in the tower of Plymouth Church for the defence of the infant settlement against hostile Indians, and, as Longfellow tells us, to send conviction "right into the hearts of the heathen." Rarely have the canons of the Church been more respected. Even the peace-loving Friends who

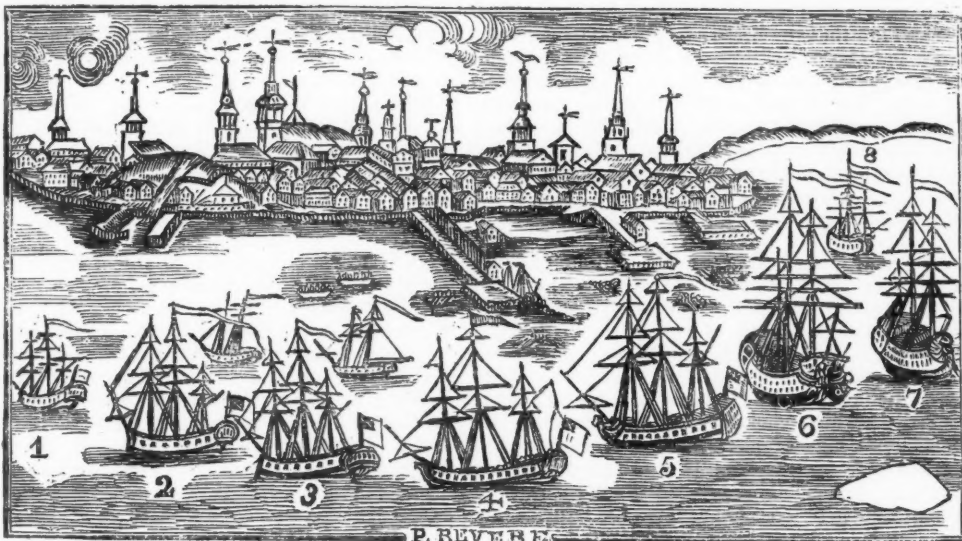
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settled along the banks of the Delaware, could at least appreciate humour if they seldom indulged in it, as when Benjamin Franklin, with his shrewd wit

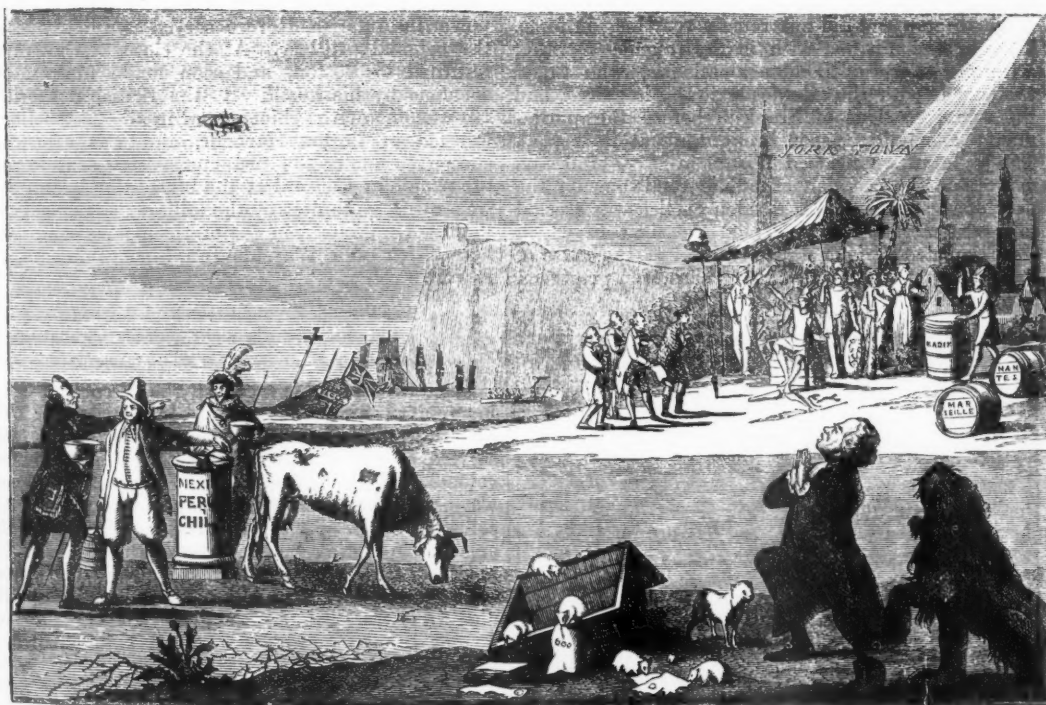
finding expression. Readers of Franklin's autobiography will call to mind the description given by him of the state of society, both in his native city of



BOSTON IN 1733.

and homely wisdom, came from Boston to settle among them, and the quaint utterances of Poor Richard found an eager and appreciative audience among the "drab men" of Pennsylvania.

Boston and in Philadelphia, when in the year 1750 he visited the latter in search of employment as a printer. Material prosperity was abundantly visible, but in the whole city, he tells us, there were but two



CELEBRATION OF THE SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS.

The condition of the English colonies in America for many years after their foundation was such as to preclude the possibility of the humour of the people

printing-presses, and those but indifferently supplied with work. Boston, it is true, was somewhat better provided, as two newspapers were published there,

but neither in Massachusetts nor in Pennsylvania was much encouragement afforded the colonial printers. Without the aid of the printer, humour, under its pictorial form of caricature and burlesque, could of course find no expression, and it is not until the year 1765 that the first rude attempt of the caricaturist is to be met with. In order to understand more completely the spirit of the early American caricatures, it will be necessary to enter somewhat fully into the different events with which they were connected. Early in 1765, Parliament had imposed a tax upon the colonists under the form of a Stamp Act, which was most distasteful to those upon whom it fell. Newspapers were among the list of articles to be taxed. On the 31st of October, the day before the Act came into operation, the "Pennsylvania Journal" appeared with a rudely-drawn heading, representing the top of a tombstone, appended to which was a notice from the publisher, William Bradford, announcing the demise of his paper as one of the victims of the obnoxious Act. The design bore skulls and crossbones, and other emblems of mortality, while various legends expressed the dismal forebodings which prevailed relative to the effects of the new measure. The publisher tells his readers that, being unable to bear the burden of the Stamp Act, he is obliged to suspend the issue of his paper, but he hopes to continue its publication at some future time, and meanwhile appeals to subscribers who are in arrears to discharge their liabilities, that he may be enabled to support himself during the interval. The execution of the caricature is exceedingly rough, but it is curious as being the first attempt of the kind ever made in what are now the United States.

The Stamp Act did not remain very long in force. The opposition it met with in the colonies, together with the efforts of London merchants, who found their trade with the colonies seriously impaired, and the representations of Franklin before the parliamentary committee, soon brought about its repeal. The joyful news reached Boston in May, 1766, and was made the occasion of public rejoicings on the part of the citizens. A wooden obelisk was erected to commemorate the event, on the sides of which were depicted various figures typical of the cause of its erection. One of these groups has been preserved in a drawing by Paul Revere.



America, represented by a female, is lying in a

distressed condition beneath the branching limbs of Liberty tree, and suspended in the air immediately above her is the mythological goddess of freedom. Of the four men who are contemplating, with evident satisfaction, the prostrate figure, an Englishman and a Scotchman represent Great Britain, in the persons of Granville and Lord Bute, the two foremost members of the British ministry.

The Indian relates to the savage allies whom the authorities had enlisted, and the monk is typical of religious intolerance, a danger which the colonists seemed to think was impending. Over the group flutters a malignant spirit, holding in his hand a roll on which is inscribed the now obsolete Stamp Act.

Paul Revere, the artist to whom we are indebted for the preservation of this design, was famous not only as being one of the earliest of the American engravers, but also for the part he took in the revolutionary war. Revere was of French origin, and was born in Boston in January, 1730. He was brought up to his father's trade—that of a goldsmith, but while quite young taught himself the art of engraving on copper. His performances with the graver are exceedingly crude, and without the least pretensions to artistic merit; but such of them as have been preserved are interesting, because they illustrate some of the chief events in the history of the times. The fracas which took place in Boston between some citizens and a party of soldiers, in which several persons were killed, obtaining thereby the grandiloquent title of "the Boston Massacre," supplied the subject of one of Revere's most famous engravings. In the French war of 1756, which culminated in the overthrow of the French power in America, Revere served as a lieutenant in the colonial artillery. At the close of the war he returned to Boston, and soon made himself conspicuous by his hostility to the British authorities. He was one of the chief actors in the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbour, and was afterwards chosen as one of the two messengers sent to warn the people of Concord of the expedition planned by General Gage to destroy the military stores collected there. Longfellow, in one of the poems comprising his "Tales of a Wayside Inn," has commemorated Revere's ride:—

"So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm."

Revere's campaign against the French seems to have given him a taste for soldiering, and on the breaking out of the Revolution he again took service, receiving the commission of a lieutenant-colonel. Much of his time during the war, however, was employed in manufacturing gunpowder for the colonial forces. At the conclusion of hostilities he engaged in casting cannons and church bells, instruments of widely different character, in which occupation he accumulated a considerable fortune. He died in 1818, and has enjoyed the posthumous honour of having one of the largest hotels in Boston named after him.

The picture on the preceding page is a fac-simile of another of Paul Revere's engravings, which originally appeared in Edes and Gill's "North American Almanack and Massachusetts Register" for 1770. It is described as a "Prospective view of the town of Boston, the capital of New England,

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and of the landing of troops in the year 1768, in consequence of letters from Governor Bernard, the Commissioners, etc., to the British Ministry."

The extraordinary number of church-steeple visible in Boston is not due to the artist's imagination, but in all probability represents the actual

headed by a roughly-executed caricature indicative of the general feeling with which the public regarded the convention. The colonies were represented by a rattlesnake, but in disconnected sections, as they had hitherto been, by the petty rivalries which had grown up between them. The letters indi-



APPEAL FOR UNION.

number of churches with steeples then existing in the city. There were at the time 18 places of worship—the artist shows 13; but of the whole number, several were meeting-houses of the Friends, and therefore had no steeples. The names of the British ships are as follows:—(1) Beaver, 14 guns; (2) Senegal, 14 guns; (3) Martin, 10 guns; (4) Glasgow, 20 guns; (5) Mermaid, 28 guns; (6) Romney, 50 guns; (7) Launceston, 40 guns; (8) Bonetta, 10 guns. Mr. Drake, the historian of Boston, suggests that these were not all the vessels, but only as many as Revere could find room for in his picture. The rest, however, were probably store-ships and transports.

The Stamp Act was largely instrumental in effecting a union of the various colonies. For the first time the importance of united action presented itself, as it became clear that the efforts of each colony to obtain the repeal of the Act would be futile unless all should act in concert. Massachusetts had become the chief theatre of the contest between the real or pretended rights of the colonies and the authority of the Home Government. A garrison of four regiments of British troops had been quartered in Boston for the evident purpose of overawing the citizens into submission. Massachusetts had boldly assumed the leadership in resisting what its citizens conceived to be the unlawful aggressions of the British Parliament, and it became important to learn how much reliance might be placed upon the support of the other colonies. Promises of assistance were freely given by the leaders of the patriotic party, and henceforth "united action" became the watchword. The importance of unity became still more strongly manifested as time went on, and new causes of discontent presented themselves. More troops had been concentrated around Boston, the civil power had been suspended, and General Gage appointed military governor of the colony. But on the 17th of June, 1774, the Massachusetts House of Representatives, with doors closed against the possible admission of the governor or his emissaries, passed a resolution approving of a meeting of committees from the several colonies at Philadelphia on the 1st of September following. The purpose of the convention was, to quote the words of the resolution, "to consult upon wise and proper measures to be recommended to all the colonies for the recovery and establishment of their just rights and liberties, and the restoration of union and harmony between the two countries, most ardently desired by all good men." The day on which the continental delegates met in Philadelphia, the "Massachusetts Spy," a Boston journal, appeared,

cate the position of the colonies in the order in which they occur in the map—New England at one extremity and South Carolina at the other; New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina intervening. The formidable monster on the right, who is preparing to make a vigorous attack upon the snake, is supposed to represent the aggressive policy pursued by the British authorities. The name of the artist who drew this design has not been preserved, but it is not unlikely to have been Revere, or possibly Nathaniel Hurd, a contemporary artist, who died in Boston in 1777.

The work of the convention went on most harmoniously, and we find Mr. John Adams, one of the delegates from Massachusetts and afterwards President of the United States, making an entry in his diary, under the date of the 17th September:—"This day convinced me that America will support Massachusetts or perish with her." Boston, groaning under a military dictatorship, was to be encouraged to persevere until the united efforts of the colonies should bring about a change in the policy of Great Britain.

The "solid men" of Massachusetts, encouraged by the result of the Philadelphia convention, were now ready to push things to a crisis, and the action of General Gage soon furnished them with an opportunity. Skirmishes at Lexington and Concord had taken place early in 1775 between the colonists and the troops, and civil war appeared to be inevitable. The excitement throughout the colonies was approaching its culminating point. In April, 1775, one



VIRTUAL REPRESENTATION.

of the best of the early American caricatures was

published in Boston, entitled "Virtual Representation," which very cleverly represents the state of affairs at that time.

Figure 1 is intended for King George III, who is attempting by forcible means to coerce two American colonists, figures 5 and 6, into the payment of the taxes which figure 4, personifying the British House of Commons, has assumed the right to levy. Figure 7 represents Britannia, blind to her own danger, falling into the pit which she has permitted to be dug for the Americans. The figures 2 and 3 on the left represent King Louis XVI and the Catholic priesthood, and relate to the efforts which were then being made in Canada by the British governor to enlist the sympathy and support of the French-Canadian population. In the background, numbers 8 and 9 represent Boston in flames and Quebec triumphant, one of the possible consequences of British success. It is executed with a very fair amount of artistic ability, but is deficient in the vigorous humour which characterised the designs of Revere. The artist, whoever he was, took care to preserve his incognito, for which he doubtless had excellent reasons. The military governor exercised almost despotic power, and an offence of this kind was not likely to escape notice. The Bostonians themselves were not quite unanimous in their opinions, and the Tories—for such the adherents of the British were termed—were quite ready, when chance offered, to denounce over-zealous patriots.

The spirit of resistance was now fully roused, and within two months after the appearance of this caricature the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought just outside Boston. The Congress at Philadelphia, to again quote the words of Mr. Adams, "made choice of the modest and virtuous, the amiable, generous, and brave George Washington, Esq., to be general of the American army." The war between England and her rebellious colonies began in earnest, and on the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed by the colonial delegates assembled in the old State House in Philadelphia.

While the war lasted, the colonists found themselves with too much serious business on hand to afford time for amusement. Jest was turned to earnest, and those who might otherwise have been cultivating the arts, found themselves involved in the horrid vicissitudes of civil strife. For a considerable period the three chief cities—Boston, New York, and Philadelphia—were occupied by the British forces. Martial law prevailed, and if efforts were hazarded to give expression to the feelings of the people, they were no doubt quickly suppressed. The difficulties in the way of the caricaturist did not, however, apply in equal degree to literary effusions, as the songs of Philip Freneau, written about this time, abundantly testify. It is probable that many of Freneau's most popular revolutionary ballads and satirical pieces existed only in manuscript, or were even committed to memory by the singers, and were thus preserved, to be afterwards collected and printed. If, however, the colonists had no opportunity to caricature their opponents, there were plenty of interested spectators on this side of the Atlantic to supply the deficiency. The Dutch had not forgotten the loss of their settlements on Manhattan Island and along the banks of the Hudson. There were ties of kinship existing between many of the Knickerbocker families of New Amsterdam and the people of Holland, besides which the embarrassments caused

to the maritime trade of England by American cruisers might be turned to profitable advantage by the merchants of the Hague. These causes combined to make Holland view the struggle between England and her colonies with satisfaction. The feelings which prevailed found expression in a number of caricatures, which both illustrate the events of the conflict and reflect the spirit with which it was regarded.

The engraving on page 633 is copied from a print in the British Museum—one of the series issued in Holland at about the time when the fortune of war seemed to have turned in favour of the Americans. The date of publication is not given, but as one part of the composition relates to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, which took place on the 19th of October, 1781, the print must have appeared some time after that date, probably on receipt of the news from America. The picture we have selected is the second of a pair, both nearly relating to the same subjects. In the first, the British cow is being milked by a Dutchman, while a Frenchman and a Spaniard stand close by, each with a bowl of milk, and an American colonist is engaged in sawing off the cow's horns, with which she might have protected herself. The British lion quietly sleeps in the foreground, and near him an Englishman wrings his hands at the manner in which the cow is being treated. A town marked Philadelphia is represented in the distance, and an English ship, typical of commerce, is stranded on the beach. In the second picture here given, the cow, bereft of its horns, lean and wretched-looking, has been milked dry by the Dutchman, whose satisfaction appears to be shared by the Frenchman and Spaniard, each of whom is well provided with milk. The lion, an undignified and decidedly mongrel brute, is bellowing with rage, and an English merchant on his knees bewails the loss of his bank-notes, which have been eaten up by the Hanoverian rats. On the other side of the water, Lord Cornwallis and his companions are seen meekly surrendering to Young America, who it will be observed has already assumed that attitude of easy self-assurance which has since become a family trait. He does not seem to "scare worth a cent" at the presence of Justice, who, with sword and scales, stands at his right, nor at his left-hand support, "grim-visaged War." The fleet sent by France to co-operate against her hereditary foe, is seen in the offing, bearing the flag of the ancient *régime*—a flag which was destined soon afterwards to be rent in fragments by a far more terrible revolution than that which it had just helped to accomplish. The British vessel represented in the first picture has become a total wreck, a hazardous prediction into which the Dutch artist was betrayed, no doubt, by his patriotic aspirations, but which history has yet failed to verify. Without intending it, perhaps, he has paid us a compliment by showing the British colours still fluttering a proud defiance over the stern of the wreck.

THE NEW GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

LONDON has been compared to a forest, with its dense growth above, and its inextricable tangle of roots, ever thrusting down deeper and deeper into the soil beneath. It has been compared to a vast and complicated machine, ever whirling and

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thundering on with irresistible might and a merciless regularity of motion, beneath which, hour by hour, human lives are crushed out and quivering hearts are broken. It is like a human body, with its strangely-complicated organism and its multifarious needs. It takes food and drink; it has its hours of rest, its times of mirth and festivity, and its seasons of sorrow and despondency. Who that has stood for a moment and peeped down into one of those mysterious little channels sometimes revealed beneath the pavement in the street, full of the insulated wires of the telegraph, has not thought of them as nerves permeating this huge metropolis, and making of it one great sensitive mass—one great body, throbbing with life and nervous sensibility?

The centre of the nervous system is the brain, and yet they tell us that this organ, to which all sensations are conveyed, and from which all volition emanates, is itself a body without feeling, or nearly so. And so one thinks is the telegraphic brain of London, the central-point of that intricate tissue of wires stretching through the air, underlying our feet, and creeping about our office walls. Here it is, a vast space into which, day and night, the whole civilised world is continually flashing brief, piercing sentences, and from which they are continually being sent forth again—tidings of births and deaths, of accidents and sickness, of floods and fires, of wreck and ruin—tidings that make brains reel, and hearts sicken, or send the blood through the veins, bounding and tingling with delight. Yet here they are, these telegraphic operators—a busy hive of workers, nearly a thousand of them all in one room—some of them chatting, some taking their tea; the majority transmitting or receiving messages, and all of them apparently as placid and undisturbed by the sensational spasms that they themselves are there to receive and communicate as though they were engaged in spinning cotton or plaiting straws.

We are a little out of order, however, in getting up to this floor by the telegraph wires. It would never do for the authorities to permit any stranger who chanced to see an opening in the pavement to take advantage of it for the purpose of transporting himself to their "instrument galleries" as we have done. We will withdraw, therefore, and present ourselves at the entrance to the new building in St. Martin's-le-Grand, where a magnificent officer, all gorgeous in scarlet and gold, graciously condescends, on behalf of her Majesty Queen Victoria, to examine our credentials, and out of the plenitude of his knowledge to give us such directions as our benighted ignorance seems to him to require. It is a huge building. The department of the premises we have come to see lies right on the top, and we may as well perhaps beguile the tedium of getting upstairs by discussing a few facts and figures.

One moment, however—just a peep down into a mysterious chamber beneath the entrance-hall. This is really the heart of the whole system, the fountain of its life-blood, without which its network of wires, its complicated mechanism, and, in short, the whole of the vast organism would be a dead body, perfect in all its parts—all but the life that gives to those parts their use and their meaning. This is the "battery-room," where they generate the electric currents for which all the wires are so many pathways, and all the instruments in the rooms we are about to visit but so many contrivances for directing and controlling. It extends right across the base-

ment, a silent and rather gloomy-looking chamber, fitted up with tiers of shelves, on which the "Daniel" batteries—merely small earthenware jars, containing acids and slips of metal—are ranged. There are 24,000 of these small jars, or "cells," as they are termed, and the shelves on which they stand are nearly three miles in length. The rooms would afford accommodation for nearly 40,000 "cells."

Now for our four or five flights of stairs, and our facts and figures about the building.

The new General Post-Office is a handsome Portland stone structure covering about an acre of ground, and containing altogether some two hundred rooms. In its original design it was to have been merely an addition to the post-office on the opposite side of the way. Upon the purchase of the telegraphs by the Government, however, arrangements were greatly modified. The letter-carrying branch of the service is still carried on in the old quarters opposite, and the new building is chiefly devoted to the telegraphic department, and to the various offices connected with all branches of the service. Passing in from the entrance-hall, we find ourselves in a spacious corridor extending all round the building, and communicating with similar corridors on the floors above by a noble staircase at each end of the pile. On our left hand are the different offices; on the right are windows looking into a small open quadrangle, in the centre of which is a chimney-stack towering up to the height of a hundred and thirty feet. This is pronounced by competent judges to be one of the finest specimens of its kind in London; though to the uninitiated it must be confessed it looks as much like all other chimneys of its size as one grenadier guard looks like another. Down in this quadrangle there are two steam-engines, designed chiefly for pumping water from an artesian well, which is at present unfinished, though it has already reached a depth of four hundred feet. This well is intended to supply hydrants for the extinction of fire all over the building, as well as to meet the requirements of the establishment in all other ways, including the supply of four large boilers beneath the engines. In connection with the furnaces under these boilers, there is one very interesting feature. The boilers, it should be observed, are very large ones, as they supply the motive power to these two engines, and to three other magnificent engines of fifty nominal horse-power each—the use of which we shall presently see—in a corresponding quadrangle at the other end of the building, and they require, of course, a very considerable quantity of coal. Without special arrangements, the supply would not only be attended with a deal of noise, but that huge chimney-shaft we have noticed would be for ever pouring out dense volumes of smoke. To avoid both these evils, "mechanical stokers" have been adapted to the mouths of the furnaces. The loads of coal are shot from the street into bunkers underneath the building, and from these receptacles it is forced along a large tube by means of a screw, and so brought to the furnace mouths, where the mechanical firemen take it in hand, and so nicely adjust the supply to the requirements of the fire that scarcely any of it is allowed to escape in the wasteful form of smoke.

And all this time we are laboriously climbing a broad stone staircase, winding by short flights round a central well, over which is a lantern, designed at once to afford a light to the staircase and thorough ventilation to one-half the entire building. We are

laboriously climbing this staircase, whereas if we had only been small enough we might have popped into one of the iron tubes to be seen here and there about the corridors, and have shot up like a pea in a pea-shooter, or, more correctly perhaps, might have been sucked up just as water is sucked into a water squirt.

The pneumatic dispatch service, of which these tubes form a part, is a very interesting and ingenious system of leaden tubes with iron casings, along which written messages—the actual papers on which messages are written, that is to say—are blown from point to point by compressed air, or are sucked along by the creation of a vacuum in front of them. This curious system of underground railways comprises some twenty miles of pipes, radiating from the instrument galleries here to eighteen or twenty important telegraph stations in London, besides affording a ready means of transmission between different parts of the building below. By way of an illustration of its working, suppose a telegram is handed in at the public office on the ground floor here for transmission to Birmingham. It is at once folded up, tucked into “a carrier”—a small gutta-percha case covered with felt—and by a simple piece of mechanism placed inside a tube about an inch and a half in diameter, running up to a central table in the galleries at the top of the house. At the same instant a telegraphic signal is sent to an attendant at the other end of the tube, who “puts on the vacuum,” that is to say, adjusts the apparatus so as to exhaust the air from the pipe, and up darts the carrier with its message, and the next moment comes with a thud into the end of the pipe hanging over the table in the middle of the room. It is, however, still some distance from that part of the room from which messages are transmitted to Birmingham, and if, as fast as telegrams were shot on to this table, messengers were sent to distribute them about, this floor would be the scene of a good deal of confusion. To obviate this the tubes are again called into requisition. From this table in the centre—to which by means of the large engines all carriers are sucked by exhaustion, and from which they are all blown by compressed air—pneumatic pipes extend in various directions underneath the floor. Our carrier is promptly taken out of one tube and popped into another, gives one dive under the flooring of the room and emerges near the instrument by which its burden will be telegraphed to Birmingham. Similarly a telegraphic message received from Birmingham for delivery, say to the west end of London, as soon as committed to paper would be sucked to the central table, transferred to another tube, and blown away to Charing Cross, burrowing its way along underneath the street pavements, with their busy crowds, of whom but one in ten thousand is aware that while electric signals are flashing with the speed of lightning over their heads these odd little budgets of news are darting about immediately beneath their feet. These outside tubes are somewhat larger than those inside the building, having a diameter of from two and a quarter to three inches.

Till very lately the distances over which these messengers could fetch or carry had been practically very limited, the speed becoming greatly reduced as the journey was protracted. In London the longest existing tube is that between St. Martin's-le-Grand and Charing Cross, a distance of just about a mile and a half, and which the carriers traverse in four

minutes. This has hitherto been regarded as about the greatest distance to which the system is applicable with any advantage. Recently, however, a very ingenious method has been devised for giving a fresh impetus to the carrier at certain points along the tube, and by this means direct pneumatic communication has, we believe, lately been established between Paris and Versailles, a distance of about twelve miles. There would now indeed be no practical difficulty in constructing a line of the kind twelve times twelve miles long. It is, however, enormously expensive, and for communication between points at more than a certain distance apart would be altogether at a disadvantage as compared with the telegraph. The system is therefore not likely ever to become more than a very humble auxiliary to the telegraph except under very special circumstances, such as those existing in the case of Paris and Versailles, where the transmission of actual documents is often a desideratum, and the cost quite a secondary matter.

One great advantage in the employment of these curious telegraph messengers, is that they are all but absolutely reliable. There is no loitering on the way; no losing of messages. It does happen occasionally, however, on some systems, that a carrier sticks fast in the pipe. This is a very troublesome matter when it does occur. It involves the opening of the pipe, and, what is far more difficult, the previous determination of the precise spot where the delinquent is fixed. Several methods of doing this have been devised. One is especially ingenious. A delicate elastic skin is stretched over the end of the tube in which the stoppage has occurred in such a manner that any motion of the air within the tube will cause a slight vibration of the skin at the end of it. A pistol is now fired near this delicate membrane, and the explosion causes a great wave of air to roll along inside the tube until it strikes the defaulting carrier, is reflected back, and produces a tremulous motion in the skin. Now it is very clearly established that a sound—or a motion in the air, which is the cause of sound—travels at the rate of 1,142 ft. in a second, so that by carefully noting the number of seconds elapsing between the report of the pistol and the return of the wave, the distance of the obstruction in the pipe is easily calculated. Thus, if the sound has taken ten seconds to go and return, it must have taken five seconds in reaching the carrier, and in each of those five seconds it will have travelled 1,142 ft., or a total distance of 5,710 ft., and at that distance along the pipe the truant messenger will certainly be found. It is, in fact, on precisely the same principle as that by which we calculate the distance of a mountain by the echo it sends back, or the distance of a lightning discharge by the interval between the flash and the thunder. This, we believe, is the method adopted on the French line, to which reference has been made, and on some others. The pneumatic system, centring in St. Martin's-le-Grand, however, has been singularly fortunate in this respect, and during the whole time it has been in operation has never had a single stoppage of the kind. This is attributed to the fact that the tubes are lined with lead instead of being wholly of iron, as in some other cases.

The pneumatic dispatch, however, is after all but the servant of the telegraphic system of the country, of which the room we have now reached is the centre. It is rather a bewildering place for a stranger to

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find himself in. Imagine a floor which would require about a mile and a quarter of carpet a yard wide to cover it, and on which there is nearly a mile of tables, bristling with complicated instruments, some of them sending messages, some receiving messages, and some doing both at once. This "duplex telegraphy" is now an accomplished fact, and is regularly carried on in this room—a message being sent simultaneously from both ends of a single wire. It is reported that on the Madras railway telegraph even this has been surpassed, and a system of *quadruplex* telegraphy has been devised, two messages being sent in the same direction from each end of a line eighty miles long, and that the extension of the system to lines of greater length is simply a question of additional condensers and battery power. Our readers may perhaps be disposed to think that one message at a time is quite enough for the comprehension of ordinary mortals—even if the writer does not—and we will therefore turn our attention more particularly to the achievements of the most advanced of the single-message instruments. There is one just near the door by which we have entered. This is a "Wheatstone Automatic," and as we come up to it is merrily chatting with some distant part of the country at the rate of 120 words a minute, or as fast as a tolerably rapid lecturer will speak. It must be explained, however, that it cannot do this without assistance. The messages have to be previously prepared, and it will perhaps be better for us first to witness this preparation. We move on, therefore, to a neighbouring instrument, a prominent feature of which is a keyboard, very similar to that of an organ or piano, but with only three or four keys in it. At this keyboard the operator is sitting, with the message to be transmitted supported in front of him, just as his music would be at the piano, and he is rattling off—not "*leider ohne worte*," not songs without words, but words without songs—at the rate of some thirty or forty words a minute. He is not actually telegraphing, but he is punching holes by pneumatic pressure in a strip of paper half an inch wide, and apparently endless. Here is the representation of a bit of it when it leaves his instrument.

.....

The sentence that has been placed before him is, "How do you do?" and the black dots represent the holes that he has punched in the paper by merely tapping on his key-board. The first eight large holes stand for *h*; the next group of six represent *o*; the third group, also comprising six holes, is *w*, and so on. This punching, it will be seen, is a mere mechanical operation, quite independent of telegraph wires, and having nothing to do with electricity. It merely puts the message in proper form for the telegraphic instrument—the "transmitter"—which we noticed just now, and to which we now return, carrying our sentence with us. One end of our perforated strip is inserted in the instrument, and—*wlr-r-r*—it is gone to Newcastle almost before we could have uttered the four words. At Newcastle a "Wheatstone automatic receiver" has spun off a similar slip of paper, but instead of holes there will be dots and dashes, in groups, thus:

In this strip dot dot dot dot means *h*; dash dash dash means *o*; dot dash dash means *w*, and so on throughout "How do you do?" a practised operator of course reading off these dots and dashes with the greatest ease and rapidity.

It is rather a formidable-looking instrument—this "Wheatstone Automatic"—for a novice to attempt to understand in detail, and any description of it would be quite beyond our space, and perhaps would not be very intelligible. The principle of it, however, is very simple, and may easily be comprehended.

The electricity, as we have seen, is generated in those earthenware "cells." From these, two wires extend, one leading down into the earth here in London, and the other running right away and connecting with the earth at Newcastle. These wires and the earth form what is called a "circuit"—a pathway round which the electric current can freely circulate, and around which it *will* freely circulate unless interrupted. Along this road, however, are two turnpike-gates—the transmitting instrument here in London, and the receiving instrument in Newcastle. The first is merely an apparatus for breaking up the current into little pieces, so to speak—for breaking it into dots and dashes; and the second is an apparatus for making these little dots and dashes represent themselves on paper. If the "transmitter" that we have just been looking at be set working without a strip of paper, the electric current will flow through continuously. If a strip of paper without holes in it be passed through, the current will be entirely broken off; but if a perforated strip be passed through, the holes will form so many little vents through which the current will escape in sections, and will of course reach Newcastle in sections precisely corresponding.

There are a great many different kinds of instruments at work here, and amongst them is one which sends these dots and dashes direct from the operator's hand without any previous perforating, the making and breaking of the circuit which, in the one we

have noticed, is performed by the paper and the holes being here accomplished by the operator simply tapping a button. This instrument, without any previous preparation of the telegram, will send, perhaps, thirty words a minute, so that in the same time four operators could send 120 words. By the first instrument it would also take three or four operators to send 120 words a minute, two or three to punch out the sentences, and one to transmit them. Notwithstanding this, there is an advantage in the instrument first noticed, because, although three or four persons would be required to keep up a speed of 120 words, only *one* wire would be requisite, while in this case it would take two wires, as well as two operators. This of course is a very important consideration, though as "duplex" and "quadruplex" systems of telegraphy become developed the cost of a line of wire will obviously become less in proportion to the work that can be performed by it.

It seems possible indeed that even quadruplex telegraphy is by no means the final triumph of telegraphic science. While we write there comes the rumour of an invention, or rather discovery, which will entirely dispense with wires, and permit of signals being sent by the conductive power of the earth alone. What degree of truth there may be in the rumour we are unable to say, though it seems to have attracted some attention. To telegraph through the earth or the ocean has long been the dream of inventive electricians, and there have been many rumoured successes of the kind. It is very curious to notice that this very power is a feature of the earliest mention of anything at all corresponding to the modern electric telegraph. In a work by Father John Laurechon, a Jesuit, printed in 1624, we find this curious passage:—"It is stated that by means of a magnet, or any kind of the kind of loadstones, absent persons could communicate with each other. For example—Claudius being in Paris and John in Rome, if each had a needle rubbed with some stone having the power, as one needle should move in Paris the other could move correspondingly at Rome; Claudius and John could have similar alphabets, and having arranged to communicate at a fixed time every day, when the needle had run three times and a half round the dial, this would be the signal that Claudius wished to speak to John and to no other; and supposing that Claudius wished to tell John that the king is at Paris, he would move the needle to the letters 't' 'h' 'e,' and so on. The needle of John agreeing with that of Claudius would of course move and stop at the same letters, and by such means they could quickly understand and correspond with each other." This passage is brought very forcibly to mind in another part of the room where a number of instruments of the older kind—those with needles oscillating to and fro on a dial—are still in use. Had some keen student of nature really invented a magnetic telegraph, and was it stifled and stamped out by a world that was not ready for it? "This is a fine invention," adds Father John, "but I do not believe there is in the world a loadstone having such a power; and besides, it would not be expedient, as then treasuries would be too frequent and too secret."

The "instrument galleries" may be roughly described as consisting of two long rooms united by a large square central space, the whole forming one great apartment, the various parts of which are devoted to the different sections of the telegraphic service. Thus the central square is set apart for circuits extending into various parts of England and Wales; the north-east and south-east wings are for the suburbs of London; the north-west for Scotland and Ireland, and so on. In all these divisions together there are, during the busiest part of the day, nearly a thousand clerks employed, male and female, working together, and here and there apparently doing a little flirtation together. As a general rule, however, business seems to be the prevailing order of the day, the inexorable requirements of the service apparently leaving but little leisure for anything else. The employment of male and female clerks indiscriminately has long been adopted in this branch of the public service, and in every respect is said to have proved entirely satisfactory. During the night there are 300 clerks employed here, including a special staff for newspaper work, between 5 p.m. and 2 a.m. This news staff

consists of operators selected from among the most rapid and experienced in the service. What amount of work they can achieve under pressure may be given in the words of the Postmaster-General. "On one occasion," says Lord John Manners in his report for 1875, "when an important debate took place in Parliament, and when in addition there was an unusual number of interesting occurrences in different parts of the country, nearly 440,000 words—equal to about 220 columns of the 'Times' newspaper—were transmitted from the central station in London in a single night."

THUNDER AND HAIL STORM AT TOTTENHAM.

ON Sunday, July 23rd, 1876, a storm of unusual severity broke over this place. Its area was limited to a mile and a half, and its duration was very brief. Having been a personal witness, and a great sufferer, my house being in the very centre of the storm, a few notes may be of public interest.

Coming over the crown of Stamford Hill at eight o'clock in the evening, I saw a storm-cloud of the densest kind gathering over Hornsey and Wood Green. In five minutes the storm broke, and at once, without any raindrops, hailstones as large as bullets were driven with great force, so great as to crash every window facing N. and N.E. These stones increased in size, and they came down in a thick close hail, driving every foot-passenger and vehicle off the high road. I picked up several of these stones, as large as small walnuts, and in five minutes the roads were covered with them as thick as hoar-frost. In corners they remained unmelted for twelve hours. The inside of the stone was of bottle-green colour, and the crust was frosted like an acidulated drop.

It is stated that in Tottenham the loss to private owners and market gardeners would not be covered by £10,000. All common glass went directly, and in my own case, thick, rough glass in skylights was broken. The force of the hail is shown by the fact that unripe pears were split in two, and in one case a stone was found lodged in the centre of the fruit. The whole district was covered with leaves and broken boughs, birds on the wing were killed and lamed, and every bedding plant was destroyed. The temperature of the earth being high, after a sultry day, a steam, equal to fog, rose over the whole surface of the district on which the ice-cold shower fell. The lightning was most vivid, and the thunder-peals rapid, accumulated reverberations increasing the noise.

During the whole time the wind was most violent, driving with tremendous gusts, breaking down trees and branches. So sudden as well as severe was the tempest, that the terror of the people was indescribable. Persons waiting at the railway-stations for trains refused to go, and it is stated that some fell on their knees to pray, and screams were heard on every hand.

In this neighbourhood no such storm has ever occurred within the memory of man, and the devastation is greater, considering the limited area, than any within my knowledge. The entire storm passed over in twenty minutes, and the stars were shining with provoking calmness before the half hour had expired.

Earlsmead, Page Green.

CHARLES REED.

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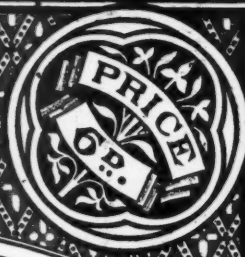
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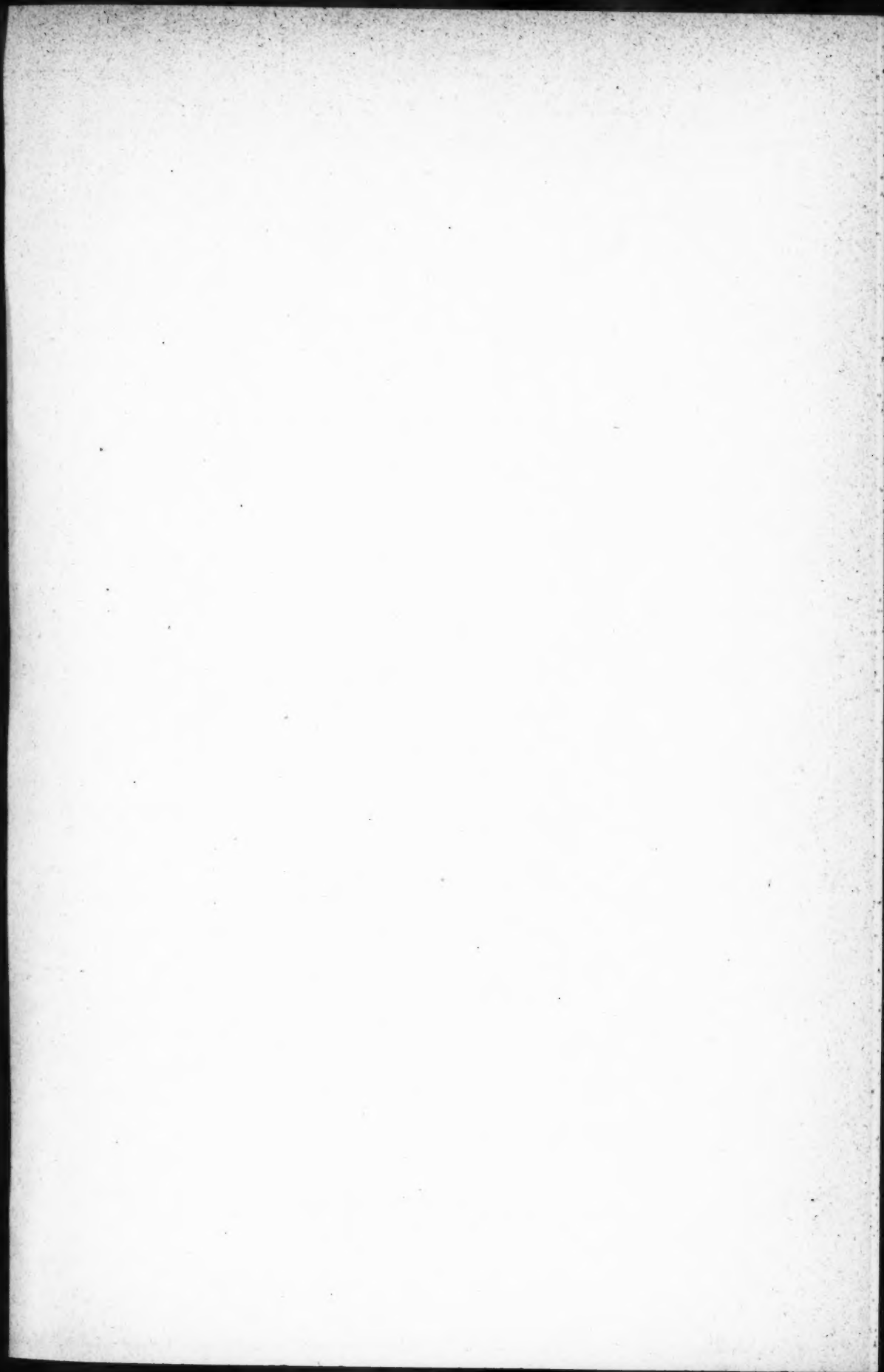
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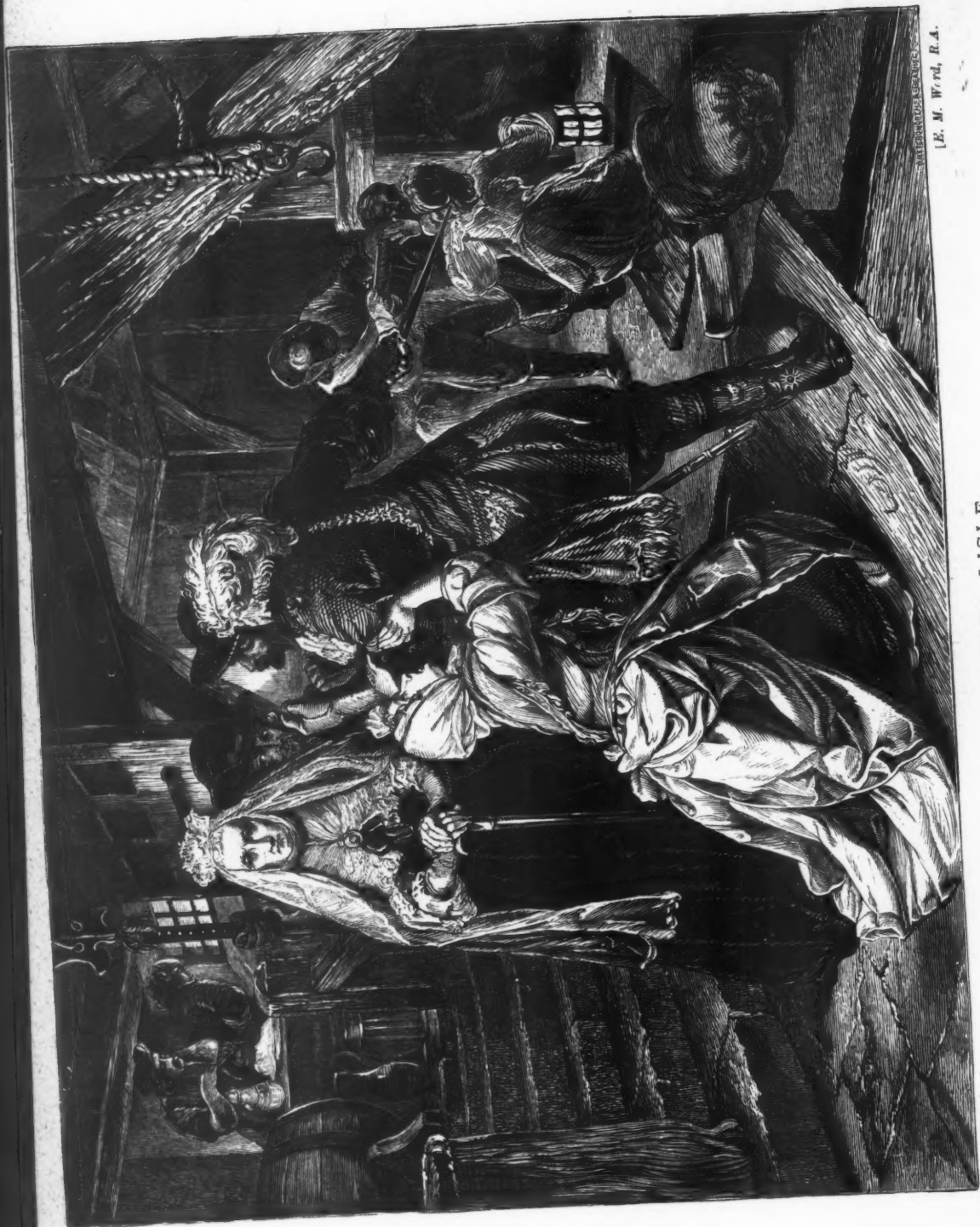
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